The Theosophical FORUM

FEBRUARY 1905

OUR ARTICLES:

	PAGE
* * *	181
CONSCIOUSNESS AND HEREDITY	182
THE ONE RELIGION	187
RUDYARD KIPLING	193
VIEW OF REINCARNATION	199

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THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

VOL. 10. FEBRUARY 1905. No. 10.

* * *

"All work done in the Masters' Spirit
is sure to come right."

The Masters are the embodiments of Truth.

Their nature is Love.

Their work is to fulfill the Divine Law.

All work, then, in the Masters' Spirit is performed in the spirit of Truth, of Love and of Divine Law. What cause can man find, greater than this?

A man may not have heard of Masters, but he may be a lover of Truth; or he may be an altruist, loving his fellow men; or he may be fixed in faith in the Divine Rightness of things. If he is any of these, he is working for the Masters.

CONSCIOUSNESS AND HEREDITY.

Beginning with the physical, tangible things which we recognize as all that makes up our external environments, we have found that everything—even the apparently ultimate unit—is an invariable trinity, composed of Matter, Motion and Force. This trinity must be taken as the unit of all existence, the basis of all physical manifestation. Motion is inconceivable apart from Matter and Force; and we can define neither except in terms of the other two.

Matter which is not the result of Motion, is unthinkable, Motion implies the existence of something which moves and both necessitate a mover. Matter is conceded universally to be indestructible; Motion is equally eternal and Force must be persistent through all.

As Matter appears to us under innumerable aspects or conditions, depending apparently upon the different character of molecular motion set up—or, as Motion determines the qualities of Matter, it would follow that the source of the motion must be anterior to both Matter and Motion—that Force or Energy must have been existent previous to any manifestation of itself. But, as Matter and Motion are both indestructible, they must be eternal; if they are to exist indefinitely in the future, they must have existed indefinitely in the past, for what can not be destroyed can have had no beginning. So, as we know Force is also indestructible it can not be said to have precedence over Motion or Matter, or indeed, to even act in a causative relation to either.

If we could go back to the beginnings of Matter we should find that it depended then as now, upon Motion and Force; but there we should have to stop, for, in the absence of a medium through which to manifest itself, Force would be non-existent. This is as purely a materialistic conception as it is possible to entertain in spite of the very apparent fact that neither Motion nor Force are material entities and are not even demonstrable except as the cause of Matter. From this dilemma, physical science offers no relief except such as we may obtain by speculation based upon observed facts.

Spencer defines Matter as "simply a localized manifestation of Force, with Motion as the medium by which Force may be mani-

fested as Matter." In so far as this definition makes Force the permanent thing with Motion and Matter varying according to the conditions of manifestation, it must be accepted as of course, correct; but unfortunately, as an explanation it explains nothing, for it postulates a beginning for what is indestructible and therefore eternal.

If, however, we look at the question from the point of view of the Ancient Wisdom, we shall find that the whole problem is carried back much farther and a logical solution is at once supplied.

According to this teaching, "Spirit—or Consciousness—and Matter are but the two symbols or aspects of the Absolute and constitute the basis of all conditioned being, whether subjective or objective."

As all evolution, according to both the ancient and the modern philosophy, is an emanation from the Absolute, and is the gradual unfolding from the purely subjective—the internal and causative—to the objective or manifested, it is seen at once that the cause of evolution is the persistence of the moving force, or Spirit.

This Force, or Spirit can not disappear, but can only change its forms of manifestation, and in its persistence, as Spencer puts it, lies "the deepest knowable cause of those modifications which constitute all physiological development, as it is the deepest knowable cause of all other evolution."

If persistence of Force is the cause of all evolution, Force must pervade and be inherent in all things subject to evolution.

If Force is an emanation of or from the Absolute, and if the Absolute contains or is All-Consciousness, then nothing emanating from the Absolute can be unconscious; therefore all things must be possessed of and actuated by Consciousness. Now Consciousness is the capacity of perception and if it is present in all Matter, it must exist in as many aspects as there are states of Matter. If we accept the general classification of the Ancient teaching, which declares that the conditions of Matter are seven, we must conclude that there are seven forms of Force or seven aspects of Consciousness; but as "the gulf between the subjective and objective, the internal or causative and the objective or manifested, is traversed in seven steps," we are obliged to infer that every material manifestation, no matter how simple or elementary, must have come into ex-

istence as the result of the co-operation of seven forms or rather, sub-forms of Force. In other words, no one of the forces in nature is able to work alone, but is always manifested in conjunction with all the other forces. From this it may be readily surmised that without this correlation of forces, there could be no progress through evolution and a special creation of each form of Matter would be a necessity.

That this is not mere surmise and speculation, is proved by the now demonstrated law underlying the genesis of the elements, under which law the elements fall naturally into a cyclic classification of groups, each group composed of seven elements arranged in the order of progressively increasing atomicities. In other words if the elements are grouped in the order of their atomic weights, it will be found that the same general properties recur periodically throughout the entire series. Hence the whole of the elements may be arranged in a number of groups, each group consisting of members of the same natural family following each other in the same order. Thus in a progressive spiral it is possible to trace by physical and chemical means the exact correspondence with the beginning and evolution of all things—of the entire Cosmos—as taught by Occult Science. And thus is seen in the fundamental elements of this plane of Matter, the beginning of the manifestations of Consciousness which is to pervade all things, enlarging at each stage of progression, but retaining the distinctive characteristics of each cycle, throughout the entire evolutionary period.

As in all evolution the process of development is always from the simple to the complex, so as Consciousness developes or acquires new phases or aspects, we see the strictly automatic expression of Consciousness—or Life-Force—inherent in the elements of the mineral world, manifesting itself in the simplest and most elementary forms, as cohesion, chemical affinity &c., enlarging in a new cycle, to the Consciousness of the vegetable kingdom, seeking and profiting by favorable outlets for its growth—the best possible environment of light, air and sunshine, in order that it may bring about in itself and in future forms which it may inherit, its highest possible development.

It is here that we find the first physical evidence of heredity as an attribute or quality of Consciousness, and here we find also,

the complexity of molecular structure which is so essential to the exhibition of the phenomena of organic life. It is, however, hardly correct to say that heredity is a quality of Consciousness. It is rather a quality of Matter by or through which Consciousness is enabled to receive impressions of external experiences and to transmit them to subsequent forms of life. We see, also, that the expression of Consciousness in the forms of organic life as shown in the vegetable world has been enlarged by the addition of some aspect or quality which was not manifested in the mineral kingdom. The minerals and elements are retained and utilized in the structure of vegetable tissues, their properties as minerals and elements have not been lost, but their scope and functions have been increased to such a degree as to call for an entirely new classification. In this new kingdom of Nature, thus instituted, we find that, under the influence which gave it birth, each individual member is endowed with the power of growth, cell by cell, of initiating new individuals of its own species and of transmitting to such offsprings its own inherited characteristics, as well as those acquired. It is seen, further, that the manifestations of Consciousness, under the enlarged aspect of its added life-force is not so automatic in action as formerly, but lends itself more readily to superior directing agencies and even adapts itself to wide variations in environment. It is by virtue of this higher aspect or principle of Consciousness, that variations in type are possible, and its action is recognized as the "survival of the fittest," "natural selection" &c., of evolutionary philosophy.

It is impossible to say where automatic action of the life-force ends and the volitional begins. For, while it is true that in every grade of existence, even to the most highly organized, the manifestation of the mineral Consciousness is as automatic as when limited to the mineral kingdom, as in the structure of bone in the animal body, it seems beyond question that, even in the lower forms of organic life, there is a gradual merging of the lower into the higher principles, very closely analogous to the phenomena of the cyclic grouping of the elements occuring in the mineral kingdom.

If this merging of the lower into the higher principles does not take place on every plane of being, the ray of Consciousness could not acquire the experience of every plane preliminary to pass-

ing on to the next, and a progressive evolution would be an impossibility, for the highest principle on any plane is the combined attributes or principles of all planes below.

Just how far, then, Consciousness is the gainer through physical heredity, can only be determined by the grade of being in which life or Consciousness is manifested.

Spencer defines Life as the "continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations. And when we so define it we discover that the physical and psychical life are equally comprehended by the definition. We perceive that this, which we call Intelligence, shows itself when the external relations to which the internal ones are adjusted, begin to be numerous and complex; that every advance in Intelligence essentially consists in the establishment of more varied, more complete and more involved adjustments and that the highest achievements of science are resolvable into mental relations of co-existence and sequence so co-ordinated as to exactly tally with certain relations of co-existence and sequence that occur externally."

Thus, as the ray of Consciousness traverses the cycle of evolution in the vegetable kingdom, it is seen to be the gainer by the number and complexity of the experiences it is able to adjust from the exterior to the interior; and here we see the first dawning of Intelligence, manifested as the vegetable instinct.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE ONE RELIGION.

III

(Continued.)

The Editor in a preliminary note to this address, in the December issue of THEOSOPHICAL FORUM called attention to what seemed an undue prominence given to the Bahai faith, however, "finding no fault with the Bab or his followers."

To be thus classed as a follower of the Bab the writer is quite willing to regard as a compliment, which, however, he feels bound to disclaim, being, so far as he knows, neither a follower of the Bab nor of any other person or cult; and as to the suggestion of undue prominence, he reminds the Editor that, as stated at the close of this address, this series of addresses was expressly limited to the three religious systems of Hinduism, Christianity and Bahaism; and further that, as to this matter, the series of six addresses should be considered as a whole, the first three affording insufficient basis for an opinion, when it will be seen, it is believed, that Bahaism receives in fact a relatively small amount of attention.

AUTHOR.

In previous papers I have proposed to you the thesis that the essence of religions is the practice of love; that the existence of a Divine fervor of love for God and man accounts for the exhibition of spiritual force which we witness in them from time to time; that this Divine fervor is communicated to men through a sanctified human spirit, or one who has attained to Christhood or knowledge of God; and that the fluctuating manifestations of spiritual force in various religions at various times depends chiefly upon the presence in them or absence from them of these sanctified spirits. Further, I have endeavored to show you that, according to the sages of India, confirmed by the teachings of Bahaism, correct religious teaching requires that written scriptures be supplemented by oral tradition—the latter, the living interpretation, furnishing the key to the former. If this key be lost—if, that is, there are no longer to be found those who have attained to *Jnanam* or Christhood and who can therefore declare from their own spiritual experience the

true meaning of the scriptures, the latter become a sealed book which the intellect of man is unable to unlock; for the things of the spirit are not those of the mind, and the latter has of itself no data from which to draw reliable inferences with regard to them.

I propose now to consider whether the views which have been presented, and, in fact, the salient features of the Indian doctrine taken as a whole, are, or are not, in harmony with the scriptures with which we are most familiar, namely, the teachings of Christ Jesus. But before taking up that subject I wish for a moment to consider this question: What is the present position of the Christian Church as viewed from the standpoint which we have reached?

It is apparently something like this:

The Christian Church was founded by Masters or Knowers of God, who left it scriptural writings of the first authority which expound much of the true doctrine and perfectly agree with the teachings of those who are known to have had the highest spiritual experience, when they are interpreted by one who has had that experience. But the Christian Church has lost the oral tradition and no longer has in its ranks, or at least in positions of authority, those capable of restoring it. This has been the case for many ages, during which time the speculative minds of its leaders, seeking to interpret its scriptures by the unaided light of reason, have read into them divers meanings, almost as numerous as the minds which have applied themselves to the task. As Peter says in his second epistle, III, 16, "They have wrested the scriptures to their own destruction."

On these various interpretations numerous schools of religious thought—sectarian and denomination churches—have arisen, each with its peculiar variation of the written doctrine, all stray, all substantially alike wandering in the dark, because all alike are without true spiritual guides.

Is there a possible remedy? It would seem that there is one, and but one:—to find a true Master—to leave the worship of the past, of "dead bones" and find a living Christ, whether among the Hindus, the Moslems, the Bahais, or those of other faith, and re-established the lost oral tradition of the church by the aid of the Master's spiritual experience. No false pride should forbid this. No master is a sectarian. He is neither Hindu, nor Bahai, nor Moslem, nor

Christian, but each and all of these and more; for even the savage who bows in reverent worship before a stone is, in his view, a true worshipper of the Lord, and accepted by the Lord as such.

The position of the sectarian who insists on following a leadership after life has left it and it is no longer but a figurehead, has been beautifully and aptly described by Abbas Effendi:—

"For the Sun of Reality there was a rising out of the point of Moses. But when the Sun of Reality had moved to the point of Jesus, those who were holding to the point instead of holding to the Sun, did not turn their faces to the point of Jesus. Therefore they were veiled. As the Sun of Reality moved on to the point of Mahomet, again were men veiled, for they were worshippers of names, not of the reality; lovers of the word 'Moses' not of its meaning; lovers of the word 'Jesus,' not of its significance. The true lover of the Sun turns his face towards the Sun at each point of His appearance. Whether he shines from the point of Moses, or of Jesus, or of Mahomet; for it is the Sun which he loves.

"The shining of the Sun of which we are now speaking is the shining of the Perfections of God. As that Sun seems to change His position, one must himself move. Instead of keeping his eye fixed upon the mirrors, one should worship the Sun himself, from whatever mirror He shines. But human nature is not so. All men are lovers of the *mirrors*. If the light of the Sun leaves one mirror and goes to another, they are left in darkness. Just as when one looks in a mirror near which there is a light, he sees all the objects within range of the mirror, but if the light be extinguished, he sees nothing."

(Life and Teachings, p. 212 *et seq.*)

Let us now draw briefly a parallel between the teachings of the *Jnanis* of India and that of the New Testament, in order to determine whether the two do, or do not, harmonize—whether the Indian view can or cannot be accepted by those who hold the New Testament as their guide in life.

As I have before said, I hope at some future time to extend the parallel to the other great religions, where, I think, we would find the examination equally profitable with that which I now propose. Owing to limited time for preparation the scope of these papers has been restricted to the lines I have indicated; but as I

have been writing, a few apt quotations have occurred to me from Buddhism and more from Bahaism, to which I shall refer in the proper places.

In this, as indeed in regard to all the views of the Christian scriptures which I am placing before you, I claim no originality, but am endeavoring to expound to you an interpretation harmonizing them with the Hindu teaching—to use a term very familiar here, with the Vedanta—which has become known to me through my studies of the past year in India; and I will here mention the fact that my Indian teacher, Sri Parananda, has embodied his interpretation of two of the Christian gospels in these two large volumes (*Note) before me; in which most of the points I touch upon will be found expounded at greater length than that at which I am able to consider them.

These books are, in my opinion, in many ways very remarkable and are well entitled to the prominence I shall give them—books which, in fact, cannot, in aid of the liberality and tolerance which the discussions we are here holding represent, be too widely known and considered. For it is, I think, a most noteworthy and impressive fact that a native of India—and one, too, thoroughly imbued with and faithful to the religious and philosophical idea of his country—not only here displays a spirit of the highest reverence for the Christian Bible, but also goes to great labor and incurs large expense in preparing and publishing these works in order to make his views widely accessible to the world; efforts which have been so successful that, since this interpretation appeared, orthodox pundits of India have, for the first time in history, undertaken the translation, following this interpretation, of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John, as books worthy of being carefully read and studied by the people of India.

I may further say, by way of introduction Sri Paránanda to you, that he is a representative of the highest religious and philosophical culture of India; and that he is regarded by many of the most intelligent and spiritually-minded of his countrymen as a pow-

* (Note) Sri Parananda's Commentary on St. Matthew and an Eastern Exposition of St. John, published respectively by Kegan Paul and Wm. Hutchinson; for sale by H. W. Percival, 244 Lenox avenue, New York City.

erful religious teacher, whose teachings embody the most cherished ideas of her people.

According to Sri Paránanda's view, there is clear evidence from the writings which they have left that two of the apostles of Jesus were, as well as Jesus himself, Masters or Christs,—namely, John and Paul; and a probability that Peter also was one. Statements at variance with spiritual experience are found in Matthew, Mark and Luke, which they would not have made had they attained that status. Matthew, however, is nothwithstanding a most faithful reporter, and his narrative is apparently very accurate. But the Gospel of John surpasses the other writings of the New Testament in lucidity, terseness and freedom from error.

According to the Vedanta, as you are no doubt aware, the soul of man is a reflection of the Lord, who is infinite Love and Light, upon Avidyâ, which may be literally translated as ignorance or nescience. These words suggest to us a quality rather than a substance, and the conception, therefore, requires correction, since Avidyâ is a phase of that root-nature out of which the universe with its infinity of gross and subtle forms has been created. This dense substance which is, as it were, the matrix of the soul, permeates the soul with *desire* for worldly experience. From this impurity it must be freed before it can seek its supreme destiny of union with the Lord Himself.

The Lord, says the Indian teaching, finds the soul immersed in Avidyâ. worldliness, darkness, and sends forth His power called Vak (word) or Parâshakti (Suprme Power) which brings the universe into existence, endows the soul with that complex mechanism of powers by which the five sense-impressions are received, the five classes of action are performed, and breathing, digesting, voiding excrement, procreating, thinking, reasoning and willing are carried on, in order that the soul may be brought into contact with the world, and by witnessing the activities of these powers or instruments, gain that experience and knowledge which shall free it from its worldly desire and release and bring into expression its natural capacity for love, and so enable it to unite itself with that Being of infinite Love and Light who is tenderly watching over its progress and guiding it to that goal. All this experience of life is but a course of instruction in which the Lord himself is the great

Teacher—first through contact with the material things of the world and through the Law which He has prescribed for the guidance of men, and ultimately through a Sanctified Teacher or Christ, by whose instrumentality the final lessons to the soul approaching the goal are always imparted.

(To be Continued).

RUDYARD KIPLING.

(Continued.)

Rudyard Kipling's colour-sense comes out strongest just where the pencils of other writers begin to grow indefinite and dim. For example, he tells a story of a wicked ship in a mysterious sea, whose position on the map he keeps carefully concealed, and he paints that ship half-a-dozen times, each time in different colours. In one case, she turns up painted a dull slate-colour, with pure saffron funnel, and boats of robin's egg-blue. That, by the way, is as much a Shibboleth as "Worcestershire sauce." It is American, not English. For the English robin, the original bird, lays white eggs with pink specks while its American namesake, who is really a thrush, does, as Kipling says, lay blue eggs. We may safely trace that touch to a Spring spent in Vermont. To return to the wicked ship; the crew sat on the empty decks, and the green harbour-water chuckled at them overside. Then they began to dig about in the hull; the engine-room stores were unearthed, and "Mr. Wardrop's face, red with the filth of the bilges, and the exertion of travelling on his stomach, lit with joy." The excavations and colour-touches continue: "the skipper unearthed some stale, ropy paint of the loathsome green that they use for the galleys of sailing-ships." These things happened "in a semi-inland sea, warm, still, and blue, which is, perhaps, the most strictly preserved water in the world." Where it is, he will not tell; but from the details, the color and smell of it, we gather that it is the Arafura sea, under New Guinea. The deep water is blue, the shoal harbour is green, and all the various shades of paint are recorded with convincing exactness.

That is characteristic of Kipling, all along. He never misses a point of colour. Take this, for instance: "The young blood turned his cheeks scarlet. Maisie was picking grass-tufts and throwing them down the slope at a yellow sea-poppy nodding all by itself to the illimitable levels of the mud-flats and the milk-white sea beyond." We shall remember that lonely yellow poppy for a life-time; even though we are told that it grew beside a 'smelly' sea.

Kipling uses these colour-touches to gain the effect of what theology used to call undesigned coincidences; details, such as no one could conceivably have invented. For example, when McPhee

says: "I was with him on the bridge, watchin' the *'Grotkau'* sport light. You canna see green so far as red, or we' ha'd kept to leeward"; that really has the force of a revelation. We believe the whole wonderful yarn on the strength of that one piece of colour; we all had made that observation in a dim, half-conscious way; so are able to verify it at once; but we could never have invented it; therefore we believe.

When a Scotchman begins to talk of matters transcendental, of the soul, and the illimitable vast, and the halls of echoing eternity, we at once suspect that he has been drinking. When Mr. Kipling begins to positively sparkle with dazzlingly true details, we know that he is going to tell an unusually big one. For instance, what could beat the circumstantial evidence and the minute observation of this: "some six or seven feet above the port bulwarks, framed in fog, and as utterly unsupported as the full moon, hung a Face. It was not human, and it was certainly not an animal, for it did not belong to this earth, as known to man. The mouth was open, revealing a ridiculously tiny tongue—as absurd as the tongue of an elephant; there were tense wrinkles of white skin at the angles of the drawn lips; white feelers like those of a barbel sprang from the lower jaw, there was no sign of teeth within the mouth. But the horror of the face lay in the eyes, for those were sightless—white, in sockets as white as scraped bone, and blind. Yet for all this, the face, wrinkled as the mask of a lion is drawn in Assyrian sculpture, was alive with rage and terror. One long white feeler touched our bulwarks. The face disappeared with the swiftness of a blindworm popping into its burrow.' No one who reads that matchless yarn, will ever quite forget that Face in the Fog. I never hear a steam siren without remembering it. More than that, I have still a lurking, involuntary doubt whether, after all, the story may not be true,—it seems impossible that fancy should carry that verisimilitude.

Kipling himself is keenly alive to the convincing power of these undesigned coincidences. In the story of the bank-clerk's former lives, he twice shows his hand. Thus, the clerk says: "Can't you imagine the sunlight just squeezing through between the handle and the hole, and wobbling about as the ship rolls?" "I can," answers Kipling, "but—I can't imagine your imagining it." That is our po-

sition, exactly: and therefore we believe. He says much the same thing, a second time: "Then her nose caught us nearly in the middle, and we tilted sideways, and the fellows in the right-hand galley unhitched their hooks and ropes, and threw things on to our upper deck—arrows, and hot pitch or something that stung, and we went up and up on the left side, and the right side dipped, and I twisted my head round and saw the water stand still as it topped the bulwarks; and then it curled over and crashed down on the whole lot of us on the right side, and I felt it hit my back, and I woke."

"One minute, Charlie. When the sea topped the bulwarks, what did it look like?" I had reasons for asking. A man of my acquaintance had once gone down with a leaking ship in still sea, and had seen the water-level pause for an instant ere it fell on the deck.

"It looked just like a banjo-string drawn tight, and it seemed to stay there for years," said Charlie.

"Exactly." The other man had said: "It looked like a silver wire laid down along the bulwarks, and I thought it was never going to break."

There is an undesigned coincidence in the making, and his writings are full of them. What a witness he would be in an Indian murder case! Rudyard Kipling uses another expedient to float a new loan on our credulity, an expedient which has never been used so powerfully in the whole range of literature. It is in the story of Fleete, who got drunk and insulted god Hanuman, and of the silver man who avenged the insult by casting wolf-glamour over Fleete. The wolfishness came out in Fleete gradually; first, it was a longing for raw meat, and a way of tearing it, with his head on one side; then it was a disposition to roll in the fresh earth of the flower-beds: "Fleete came, and when the lamps were brought, we saw that he was literally plastered with dirt from head to foot. He must have been rolling in the garden. He shrank from the light and went to his room. His eyes were horrible to look at. There was a green light behind them, not in them, if you understand, and the man's lower lip hung down." As the wolf-spirit got hold of him he went to the window, to howl to the wolves in the darkness, and the howling fit gathered strength, till his friends bound and gagged him. Then comes the new expedient to establish the undesigned coincid-

ence: "any one entering the room would have believed that we were curing a wolf's pelt. That was the most loathsome accessory of all." This is enlarged on, later: "On the next day one other curious thing happened which frightened me as much as anything in all the night's work. When Fleete was dressed he came into the dining-room and sniffed. He had a quaint way of moving his nose when he sniffed. "Horrid doggy smell, here," said he. "You should really keep those terriers in better order. Try sulphur, Strick."

This extraordinary and wholly unexpected appeal to the sense of smell gives the thing an earthly reality that is simply unrivalled. We cannot imagine any one imagining a detail like that, so we accept the rest of the tale. As Kipling says: "The smell was entirely real." In reality, we all remember smells with astonishing accuracy and vividness. Bulwer Lytton speaks of the scent of lily-of-the-valley calling up a whole scene of by-gone years; Turgenieff tells how the odour of a particular field flower, when he came across it abroad, used to send him home to his Russian woods; and Hardy carries something of the perfume of the meadows into his books. But nowhere is there anything to compare for a moment with Kipling's marvellous sense of smell, and he always uses it to bring the last degree of material embodiment to his most impossible fictions. Thus he made his sea-monster announce its presence by a "poisonous rank smell in the cold air," like the odour of musk, or the breath of a crocodile. And he makes the great alligator in the pool of the Cow's Mouth declare itself in the same way. This does not make for pretty writing; but it does make for the material presence of the thing described. Mark Twain knows the value of smells as evidence of reality, but he writes of them like an impressionist and a mystic; while Rudyard Kipling is a realist of the school of earth-to-earth.

Kipling uses smells to support his toughest yarns. But he also uses them, with marvellous effect, to bring out his true pictures. Thus he writes: "It was a hot, dark, breathless evening, heavy with the smell of the newly watered Mall. The flowers in the Club gardens were dead and black on their stalks, the little lotus-pond was a circle of caked mud, and the tamarisk trees were white with the dust of weeks." Almost all the reality of this, and its convincing power, comes from that touch of the smell of the newly watered dust.

Again: "The tide ran out nearly two miles on that coast and the many-coloured mudbanks, touched by the sun, sent up a lamentable smell of dead weed." The reality and effect come from the same cause.

One might pursue this inventory through all the senses, adding stroke after stroke of marvellous vividness and power. I shall give only one instance more, this time, of the fineness of his ear: "If you lay your ear to the side of the cabin, the next time you are in a steamer, you will hear hundreds of little voices in every direction, thrilling and buzzing, and whispering and popping, and gurgling and sobbing and squeaking, exactly like a telephone in a thunder-storm. Wooden ships shriek and growl and grunt, but iron vessels throb and quiver through all their hundreds of ribs and thousands of rivets." This minute and accurate registering of sounds keeps him in all his ways; and he is perfectly conscious about it, and uses it consistently to make evidence, to heighten realism.

Rudyard Kipling never by any chance drifts into impressionism or generalities. He is true to the senses throughout, always absolutely definite and precise. A general impression is the fine essence distilled by the intellect from many sense-impressions; it has no outward reality. The senses receive no general impression; everything they record is individual, single, personal. And in this Kipling is the man of the senses. He speaks, not of a troopship in general—because there are no ships in general; each one is some particular ship—but of "the troopship Malabar;" a concrete fact. So his sea-monster had a voice, not like a siren in general, but "like the siren on the City of Paris."

He supplements this perfect definiteness by a curious expedient, which one may describe as gilding refined gold and painting the lily. He has already described something with perfectly stark and glaring definition. Then he takes it, turns it over, and describes it once more, from the other side. Let us take a few instances. In the story of a sick child, he has told us that sheets soaked in disinfectants were hung about the house. Most authors would be satisfied with that, and leave the matter there. Not so Kipling; he goes over the ground again, in this wise: "The house reeked with the smell of Condy's fluid, chlorine-water, and carbolic acid washes." Not disinfectants in the abstract, but these particular,

definite, concrete, individual disinfectants. And note once more, the realism of the nose.

Here is another instance of the same thing, from the tale of the horrible sand crater, inhabited by the living dead: "The crew actually laughed at me—such laughter I hope I may never hear again." That is really complete, and almost any writer would let it stand. But Rudyard Kipling instantly lays on another coat of paint: "they cackled, yelled, whistled, and howled as I walked in their midst." A few lines further on, he writes: "I gave him all the money in my possession"—here most novelists would stop, but he goes on,—"Rs. 9-8-5—nine rnpees, eight annas, aud five pie—for I always keep small change as *bakshish* when I am in camp."

Immediately afterwards, the same thing occurs again: "I fell to thinking that a man does not carry exploded cartridge cases, especially browns, which will not bear loading twice, about with him when shooting." Thus he gives the screw an extra turn. And it is with this expedient, just as it was with the sense of smell; he brings it in with the greatest force when he has something particularly impossible to bolster up. For instance, in the tale of the werewolf spell that was cast on Fleete, he doubles his work in the same way. He has already told us that Fleete was very drunk indeed. But that is not enough. He goes on to present us with Fleete's liquor-bill for the evening: "Fleete began the night with sherry and bitters, drank Champagne steadily up to dessert, then raw, rasping Capri with all the strength of whiskey, took Benedictine to his coffee, four or five whiskies and sodas to improve his pool strokes, beer and bones at half-past two, winding up with old brandy." That is throwing a perfume on the violet, without a doubt. The result of it is, that when we are told, later on, that Fleete indulged in some very wild buffoonery, we are thoroughly prepared to believe it, and the solid, definite, concrete air of fact comes under us like a prop, when we begin to stagger at the witch-like doings in the sequel.

VIEW OF REINCARNATION.

The following are passages from an article on "Human Preexistence," written for "The International Journal of Ethics," Philadelphia, by J. Ellis McTaggart, of Trinity College, Cambridge. EDITOR.

"The value of memory is that by its means the past may serve the wisdom, the virtue, and the love of the present. If the past could help the present in a like manner without the aid of memory, the absence of memory need not remove the value from a succession of lives.

"Let us consider wisdom first. Can we be wiser by reason of something which we have forgotten? Unquestionably we can. Wisdom is not merely, or chiefly, amassed facts, or even recorded judgments. It depends primarily on a mind competent to deal with facts and to form judgments. Now the acquisition of knowledge and experience, if wisely conducted, may strengthen the mind. Of that we have sufficient evidence in this life. And so a man who dies after acquiring knowledge—and all men acquire some—might enter his new life, deprived, indeed, of his knowledge, but not deprived of the increased strength and delicacy of mind which he had gained in acquiring the knowledge. And, if so, he will be wiser in the second life because of what has happened in the first. Progress, therefore, has not perished with memory.....

"So, again, the virtue. And here the point is perhaps clearer. For it is obvious that the memory of moral vicissitudes is of no moral value except in so far as it helps to form the moral character, and that, if this is done, the memory could be discarded without loss. Now we can not doubt that a character may remain determined by an event which has been forgotten. I have forgotten the greater number of the good and evil acts which I have done in this life. And yet each must have left a trace on my character. And so, if a man carries over into his next life the dispositions and tendencies which he has gained by the moral contests of this life, the value of those contests has not been destroyed by the death which has destroyed the memory of them.

"There remains love. And here the problem is, I admit, more difficult. Firstly, because it is more important, for it is here, and

not in wisdom or virtue, that I think we find, not only the supreme value of life, but also the sole reality of life, and, indeed, of the universe. And then particular loves do not submit to be taken as means, in the same way as particular cases of cognition or volition do.... It would be better to look forward to annihilation for both of us than to be forced into a view which would add squalor to misery.

"But if we look farther, we shall find, I think, that....people who love one another can not be dependent for their proximity to each other—and consequently for the possibility of their love—on some chance or mechanical arrangement whose recurrence we could have no reason to expect. Their love is not the effect of proximity, but its cause. For their love is the expression of the ultimate fact that each of them is more closely connected with the other than he is with people in general. And proximity in a particular life, like everything else, is the effect—or, rather, the manifestation under particular circumstances—of those relations which make up the eternal nature of the universe.

"If, therefore, two people love one another in this life, we have, on the assumption that they are immortal, good reason for believing that their lives are bound up with one another, not for one life only, but forever. This would not involve their meeting in every life, any more than it would involve that they should meet every day of each life. Love can survive occasional absences, and is often even stronger for them. And the universe is on a large scale, and might admit or require long absences. What we are entitled to believe is that, while time remains, their eternal nearness must continually find its temporal expression in proximity.....

"Death is thus the most perfect example of the 'collapse into immediacy'—that mysterious phrase of Hegel's—where all that was before a mass af hard-won acquisitions has been merged in the unity of a developed character....And surely death acquires a new and deeper significance when we regard it no longer as a single and unexplained break in an unending life, but as part of the continually recuring rhythm of progress—as inevitable, as natural, and as benevolent as sleep. We have only left youth behind us as we have left, this evening, the sunrise. They will both come back, and they do not grow old."

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